

## GRAN'MAMA LIKES US NOW

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—BY NELL BRINKLEY



Shade of my little gran'mother hanging high there on the living room wall, your face still rosy tinted through the faded mask it has become, your hair like two smooth raven's wings folded each side of your cheeks, the whole picture you are set in darkly colored like a dust-covered, gem looking out as you do from the gay modern pictures around you, Dulac and Pyle, and a pretty actress face—I 'spect you to lean out any minute away from the paint, to smile and sparkle, and say you are pleased! For the peg-top skirt is a broken toy that is buried for good (so they say) and your own voluminous petticoat that stands out like a fan, blows like a loose sail in the wind and sways seductively when we go out to walk or hesitation, is here. Every time I have come clicking down the hall (you DID like high heels yourself little Gran'dame) in a frock that nipped my ankles hard at every strangled stride, I turned my face up to yours palely gazing down and imagined that you glowered! If Gran'mamas can glower, I saw your delicate nose crinkle and crawl upward, your gently curved lips tighten, your black eyelashes droop in snuffy scorn. And I skipped by with the back of my neck turned pink! For I knew you didn't approve. You never moved while the year nineteen-four-

teen pivoted by and the youth in our house passed under your faded face in hobblest robes, pulled tight as a headache bandage around their hurrying ankles. You never moved or smiled. (I loved 'em—me myself!) But look you now who stands beneath you! Almost what you were then! Mademoiselle Thirty-Yards-Around! Forehead showing, smooth hair, demure, black velvet wristlets, little seamed basque, old-fashioned comb, ruffles, pompadour silk, with tiny buds growing all over, little short skirts that sway and swing and swish with a wide generosity, and (oo!) pantalets! or a single slip that drops below and looks like ONE with two 'feet' in it.

Oh, Gran'mama—are you smilin' now? You wouldn't on the little savage of last year's fashion—but t'other night when I hurried by you with a funny feel about the feet because they didn't jerk up at every step, I saw you stir and lean out from the old dark picture in delight—your dusky eyes lightened, your dainty finger crept to your lip in the way mother says you had, and the lace over your white breast thrilled and whispered. Sure, Grandmother, little and old, you like us now!

NELL BRINKLEY.



Even the blazer had to undergo a radical change to meet this season's style requirements. Here is a new 1915 blazer of rose and white striped cloth, cut on graceful lines and made even more graceful by the loose sash which knots in front. The sash has tassels of white worsted and the blazer fastens with white imitation ivory ball buttons. Novel is the military collar which attaches itself with snaps so that it may be removed when desired.



A rose has evidently been the inspiration for the rich evening gown sketched here. Rose colored satin was the material and the full flaring skirt has been scalloped at the bottom to appear like the petals of that flower. This overskirt opens over a panel of pleated chiffon. The same material serves for the vest across which the main portion of the bodice is knotted. Shoulder and arm garlands of posies serve in lieu of sleeves and a nosegay of these is tucked into the girde knot.



Old fashioned matronly dignity is the idea expressed in this gown of heliotrope gros de Londres. Like many others of the newest evening gowns this frock is sleeveless with laced bodice. A series of leaf-like draperies falling over a plain under-petticoat forms the skirt. These are corded on the edges. The bodice is laced over a plain vest of the material with a silver cord weighted with silver tassels. The entire effect of this gown is quaint and picturesque.



The charm of this little dress lies in the simplicity of cut. A wide box pleat at either side of the suspender waist make it very new, while the dainty hand-embroidery in white gives the necessary touch of elaboration. The glimpse of sheer handkerchief linen is trimmed with val lace and a dainty bow of blue silk, harmonizing in color with the blue linen frock gives a dainty finish.

## THE LATEST IN FASHIONS

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Lucile has added brilliant bits of color to this suit of natural colored Khaki Kool Tussore in the lining of Pussy Willow silk showing a white ground with peacock eyes in orange and gray.

Lucile has dropped an overskirt of Van Raalte tulle in bright emerald green over pale pink net embroidered in gold, and has given the crinoline effect to the overdress.

## THE TEA DANCE GIRL



with lace or embroideries. An exception to the general rule is illustrated in the sketch, which is of Cleopatra green tulle mounted over white net, which, in turn, is trimmed with bands of silver lace.

As worn by a stately blonde, whose alabaster beauty is not unknown to the drawing rooms of New York, the gown created a veritable sensation the other evening, for with the green of the tulle, the silver of the embroidery and the billowy underflouncings of white net there were associated clusters of bright red roses, which caught up the skirt draperies at one side.

A unique touch was given by a bow of red velvet ribbon, which presumably tied the stems of the roses and whose ends were passed through a slash in the flounce to reappear in a bow-knot posed at the very base of the skirt hem. In this way the designer had evidently avoided an undignified use of too much splashy color.

The charming blouse was girdled in a rather high-waisted line by bands of satin, fastened in front with ornaments composed of brilliant set in a silver background. Narrow flounces of the net finished the short sleeves. The neck was in V outline in front and at the back there was a narrow collar of the silver embroidery.

Between dances, while promenading the broad veranda, this girl wore a wrap of white taffeta whose deep collar was embellished with disks of silver in applique effect.



A running favorite with the smart small hat, is the low crowned wide brimmed sailor rolling sharply at one or both sides or dipping in shepherd's fashion front and back. Black satin faces the upper brim of this shiny black straw shape and a single pair of black cropped wings with antennae is the sole trimming.

She: Did you have trouble with your French when you were in Paris? He: I didn't but the Parisians did!—Puck.

Dancing is one of the chief diversions of the Alcazar, St. Augustine, and many of the fetching gowns designed in New York make their initial appearance at these functions, patronized by young, old and middle-aged, but with the youthful element predominating. They inaugurate, in fact, the gowns for the "tea dance girl."

The frilly dance frock seems to be the favored thing—a beautiful creation of soft taffeta and cloudy net in white, baby blue or pink, elaborated